



## Playing God



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### Chapter 1 by Sara M

You wake up in a small white room. No doors or windows, and empty except a weathered slip of thin paper on the floor next to you. It reads "Demand and you shall receive".

You ponder the note's meaning for a moment, then decide to "ask" for some food, you're rather hungry.

"May I have an apple?" You say, and hold out your hand expectantly. Nothing. "Apple?" You repeat. Zip.

You sigh-

and then you get an idea.

"Apple," you say for the third time, but this time you point into your empty hand. And then something miraculous happens.

A large, red apple pops into existence, right into the palm of your awaiting hand. You raise your eyebrows and smile.

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